

Title: A Lady's Journal

Author: Lady Palasin

May 1:

This winter has been so hard on poor Erric. My failing health distresses him, though he tries hard to hide it from me. He carries on as though I will get better soon,

buying me gifts to wear when we celebrate an occasion that we both know will never happen.

Today it was an enormous diamond pendant on a chain encrusted with even more

diamonds (too many to count!). I hate to think about what he spent on it, especially after all the money that has gone to the mages and healers seeking to find a cure for this wasting disease.

May 20:

Erric seems to be hard at work, although he only smiles and says nothing when I ask him what he is up to. He locks himself in the study for hours at a time, coming

out only to sit at my bedside while I take my medicines and teas. It tends to worry me somewhat, as lately there is an odd gleam in his eyes, as though he is hiding something from me

that I would be displeased to discover.

June 4:

Maybe it is just my imagination, or the effect my health has had on the household, but our servant

seems to have a cloud over her usually sunny disposition of late. Her brow is often furrowed when she thinks I am not looking. She has been quite amazing these past few weeks, stolidly

enduring the unpleasant tasks and clean up associated with my illness; the soiled cloths and waters that result from my constant coughing of blood. She does everything without

complaint, and does her best to appear cheerful and optimistic, but I cannot shake the feeling that she is concerned, and not merely about my failing health.

June 21:

My time is coming soon. No one can deny this now, but my husband's reaction is not what I would have expected. He seems almost...excited, and it troubles me deeply. For

the last month or so I have heard odd noises late at night from the study: strange words being shouted, and the occasional breaking of glass. I have asked him repeatedly to tell me

what is going on, but each time he feigns ignorance. He seems oddly confident, and repeatedly tells me that all is fine. When I try to talk about my

imminent demise, which I

the last month or so I
have heard odd noises
late at night from the
study: strange words
being shouted, and the
occasional breaking of
glass. I have asked him
repeatedly to tell me

what is going on, but
each time he feigns
ignorance. He seems
oddly confident, and
repeatedly tells me that
all is fine. When I try
to talk about my
imminent demise, which I

the last month or so I
have heard odd noises
late at night from the
study: strange words
being shouted, and the
occasional breaking of
glass. I have asked him
repeatedly to tell me

too long. May he forgive
me for leaving this way...